

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



FARMER CHIFFIN AT THE BAZAAR.

HIS ONLY ENEMY.

CHAPTER VIII.—A STRANGE INCIDENT.

ON the morning following his last visit to Fernside, made memorable to him by Ruth Holland's rejection of his suit, Clarence Mosely astonished the family assembled round the breakfast-table at Raeburn Manor by the sudden announcement of his intention to leave for London that day. The squire interjected some expressions of very genuine sur-

prise. With all his knowledge of the young man's peculiarities, familiar as he was with his erratic movements, his egotism, and habitual disregard of any obligations except those imposed by his own will and pleasure,—in spite of this, the squire had not been prepared for such a sudden change of plans, announced with almost ungracious abruptness. It seemed to him an instance of unjustifiable caprice, for he knew that Clarence had purposed remaining at Raeburn Manor for some weeks at least, and had

PRICE ONE PENNY.

already mapped out engagements for the disposal of his time.

"You must be joking, Clarence."

"Not at all, uncle; in two hours from this I shall be on my way to London."

"Dear me, Clarence, what has come over you this morning? Why, it is only a day or two since you came back, with the avowed intention of making a long stay with us."

Clarence leisurely chipped the shell off his egg, though he was inwardly chafing at his uncle's remarks; but his manner preserved an unruffled composure, and his face was a smooth mask that betrayed nothing. "I admit what you say is true, uncle, but that last run up to London has made me restless, and quite unfitted me for rustivating any longer." His light, careless manner was intended to silence further comment. In this he was to be disappointed. He knew it, as he scanned the little ring of faces, on which he read an expression of general dissatisfaction. With all his cool self-possession, Clarence was conscious of an uncomfortable feeling, as he saw the effect of his words.

The squire's two sons, Percy and Harry Raeburn, gave him a broadside of blank, disappointed looks across the table, and their sister Maud, a bright-eyed, piquant-looking brunette, flashed some reproachful glances in the same direction, exclaiming, in her quick, impulsive manner, "Going back to London! and to-day! Well, that is really disagreeable of you, Clarence; an ungallant desertion just when you have an opportunity of making yourself useful. You know that both mamma and I have been counting upon your promised aid for the bazaar. It tests the value of your promises, and proves how much dependence is to be placed upon your word."

Clarence Mosely's face was in a flame, as he answered, "Softly, fair cousin; you magnify the offence, which is a mere trifle, and visit it with undue severity."

"You may consider a broken promise a mere trifle," retorted Maud, "but I don't. It has always been my conviction that to keep faith in little things is a guarantee that we shall not fail in great ones."

Clarence bit his lip to control his vexation and annoyance. It was not the first time he had winced under Maud Raeburn's words, which were sometimes incisive, with a keen edge of truth in their polished satire. They often had little passages-at-arms, in which there was some expert word-fencing on both sides, and Clarence not unfrequently lost his temper when she probed his weak points too deeply. The cousins were apparently good friends, but there was always a sort of repressed antagonism between them. There was a fearless, outspoken frankness about Maud that was particularly obnoxious to Clarence, and helped to increase his dislike to the petted eldest daughter of the Raeburns, the pride and darling of her indulgent father. He pushed aside the newly-filled cup of coffee which had been handed to him, and, leaning forward, said in a low voice, that seemed only intended for Maud's ear, "As usual, I have to deprecate your want of charity, Miss Maud, and remind you that it would have been only fair to me to have reserved your judgment until my offences had been proved. My being in London will not prevent me from giving you some assistance, though I admit it may not be so effectual as if I had remained here. If I had any material interests that would be likely to suffer in this matter, I should be dis-

posed still further to question the assumptions upon which you found your opinions, but under present circumstances it is not worth while."

Maud's colour rose, but a look from her father checked the spirited retort that was hanging on her lips, and further conversation between them was prevented by the squire claiming the attention of his nephew. "I want to have a little conversation with you, Clarence, as soon as you have finished your breakfast, for I must tell you frankly that I don't approve of the careless, erratic life you are at present leading. You are absolutely wasting it in an idle search after pleasure. I had hopes, when you seemed so anxious to secure Fernside, that you contemplated settling down."

"I wish Fernside was at the bottom of the sea; it's only fit for a dog kennel," Clarence muttered, savagely, to himself.

But Squire Raeburn overheard the remark, and stared at his nephew in undisguised astonishment. "Why, I thought you were a great admirer of the place?"

There was an irritable shrug of the shoulders as he said, evasively, "I was foolish to throw so much money away on it."

"You are right there, Clarence; it was throwing money away. Still, I think I can find a purchaser for it if you are tired of your bargain, as you persisted in calling it. I believe Mr. Harford would take it off your hands."

"I would sooner set fire to it!" was the angry exclamation, which he regretted the next moment, for a low whistle in which his uncle indulged told him that he was putting the clue to his present conduct into the squire's hands.

For some seconds Mr. Raeburn thoughtfully studied his nephew's face, then a curious smile played round his mouth, as though he had at last got an inkling of the young man's secret. Further conversation was for the moment prevented by the entrance of a servant with a message for Maud from her mother, who was confined to her room by a slight attack of illness.

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Allen Harford spoke the truth to Miss Charity when he answered her inquiry about his brother. Maurice was not so well as he could have wished, and his anxiety about him was not allayed, though he saw him every day at the factory giving his active superintendence to the various departments, apparently busy and interested, evidently doing his best to overcome his repugnance to the business. Thus day after day passed, and grew into weeks; yet he still kept his resolution, assisted perhaps by the opportune absence of Clarence Mosely, whose influence had so often proved inimical to his efforts of self-control. During these days of promise Allen's misgivings were not quite at rest; he was puzzled at times by his brother's manner—by the strange, undefinable look that came into his eyes at the most trivial noise, such as the sudden opening or closing of a door. One morning, in particular, this unaccountable morbid excitability was strongly developed. Allen had entered the office unnoticed by Maurice, who was busy writing, and, having placed his hand on his brother's shoulder, he was surprised to see him spring from his seat and face him with a wild, startled look, in which there was a strange blending of fear and defiance. It was at this time that a new fear took possession of Allen's mind—

fear which he did all he could to exorcise, for it drove the blood from his face and filled him with indescribable horror. He knew if it was so that his prophecy about seeing a happier time before them would never come true. Still, there were occasions when this hope revived, and the happy dream seemed to have become a reality. When Maurice became genial and contented, and all was amity and confidence between the brothers, then suddenly there would be a break in the calm, and the fair promise of a cloudless sky was marred by the uprising of a shadow "no bigger than a man's hand," but yet a shadow that might spread and shut out the light. It was then that changeful, unstable Maurice showed signs of relapsing into the old morbid fits, alternating between irritability and depression, in which he became restless and gloomy, sometimes morose and unjust to his best friend, in danger of any chance temptation that might strike the wavering balance and drift him back to the old butterfly life, that was at once so frivolous and selfish, so barren of honourable aim and principle. It was such things that brought back Allen's misgivings concerning Maurice and his future.

To satisfy his brother, Maurice had called upon Dr. Kemp, and had his pulse examined testingly by the practised professional fingers. Then the shrewd old doctor had shaken his sagacious head and prescribed tonics and fresh air, bluntly averring that Maurice had no present disease to warrant his right to the possession of that wretchedly uneven thread of a pulse and that dyspeptic cast of face, with a set of nerves to match—unstrung and jangled, like a musical instrument that wants retuning! This had been said during the process of a general critical survey of the patient, which the doctor had ended by an emphatic, "No, my young friend, the mischief is elsewhere. I should say that you have some burden upon your mind—mental worry and anxiety, that appears to be the chief cause of the symptoms about which you complain; and until it is removed your ailment is beyond the reach of physic." Maurice made a wry face as he accepted the doctor's verdict, and, after the usual civilities, had bowed himself out of the consulting-room with the knowledge that Dr. Kemp had spoken the truth; yet he was half vexed at the result of his visit. He walked home in a strangely variable mood, in which the predominant feeling was one of thankfulness that Allen had not accompanied him, for he did not consider it desirable for a third person to become cognisant of all Dr. Kemp's opinions. He related only as much as he deemed necessary to satisfy his brother's solicitude about his health, adding in a light, jesting tone that did much to reassure Allen, "There, old fellow, I hope you are satisfied; you see it is as I said—there's nothing the matter with me, and I might have spared myself the trouble of going to Dr. Kemp and giving him the chance of having a quiet little laugh at my expense, which I feel sure he would have after I had turned my back. How could he help it, Al? I must have appeared to him just like one of the whimsical individuals with deranged livers most doctors have on their roll of patients."

It was nearly two months after Clarence Mosely had left Raeburn Manor for London. His departure had given immense satisfaction and relief to at least two persons—Allen Harford, who rejoiced on his brother's account, and Ruth Holland, to whom the absence of

her disappointed suitor was a welcome relief from much painful embarrassment and disquietude. She had happily at that time plenty of occupation to fill her thoughts, and help her mind to recover from its disturbed tranquillity.

Maud Raeburn had completely forgotten her little ebullition of temper at Clarence Mosely's abrupt departure, also her regret for the loss of his aid in their preparations for the fancy bazaar at which Mrs. Raeburn was to have a stall. Her cousin's absence had not really proved a loss, for the services that he would have rendered had been efficiently supplied by the united exertions of one or two gentlemen friends, who were particularly anxious to stand well in the estimation of La Belle Maud.

The opening day had arrived, a grand day, at least to a large section of the fairer inhabitants of Deanfield and some of the neighbouring villages, to whom the bazaar was an event fraught with all the interest of a gala festival, doubly welcome as a break in the quiet routine of their lives, and a holiday that gave promise of much pleasant excitement, besides affording an opportunity for showing off their pretty toilettes in a promenade, to be looked at and admired. This applied only to one class of butterfly triflers who seemed intent upon getting all the pleasure they could out of life with the least possible sacrifice. There was happily a large proportion of generous, sympathetic, large souled women who had identified themselves with the undertaking, and given it their material support, in simple and honest recognition of the end for which it was designed to be a means. The bazaar was in aid of a much-needed fund for the extension of the Deanfield Infirmary, the present building being found inadequate for the accommodation of the increasing number of patients. It was held in the Deanfield lecture-hall, under the patronage of the Mayor, Squire Raeburn, Messrs. Harford Brothers, and several lady patronesses. It promised to be very successful, for the officers of the regiment stationed in the town were also among the patrons. The managing committee had proved equal to the requirements of their position, sparing no exertions likely to promote the success of the bazaar, cheerfully devoting to its interest their time and energies.

There had been at first some doubt as to whether Mrs. Raeburn would be sufficiently recovered to enable her to be present on the opening day, but as the time drew near this apprehension was dispelled. It was the early part of September. A soft balmy morning radiant with promise of sunshine and cloudless sky, ushered in the memorable day upon which hung so many hopeful anticipations, a gala time for the little world of Deanfield, to which it brought a wave of new life and pleasure. Throughout the day the streets leading to the lecture-hall were thronged by holiday groups and all manner of vehicles, from the unostentatious gig and the roomy waggonette with its laughing freight, to the old family coach and the aristocratic landau. There were also sundry nondescript vehicles, containing farmers' buxom wives, and comely cherry-lipped daughters. Then there were troops of prettily-dressed children, all merry and expectant, full of dazzling visions of the wonderful investments which they were about to make with their pocket-money, in the form of brilliant round-faced dolls and other beautiful things which could not fail to overthrow the equanimity of the little people, and make the task of their chaperonship an increasing anxiety to careful mothers and

nurses. It seemed as if the Deanfield public had made up its mind to be satisfied and pleased; even the most exacting critic could not find fault with the arrangements or the decorations, which had so completely transformed the familiar features of the spacious hall, whose walls were so draped with flags and verdure, so profusely wreathed and garlanded with leaves and flowers, that it looked like some fairy garden in which one might expect the echoes to be awakened by the melody of birds. In place of such a concert there was some excellent vocal and piano-forte music, performed at intervals by members of the Deanfield Philharmonic Society, who had gratuitously given their services. The intervals were delightfully filled by the inspiring strains of the fine military band, which formed the chief attraction of the bazaar to a large section of the gay throng that circulated through the hall. About half-past four it was at the zenith of its glory, the swell of music filling the air and making a fitting accompaniment to the pleasant hum of many voices, the bell-like chime of silver-toned laughter, and the chink of money as the fair saleswomen received their gains. The brisk trade went on with renewed spirit that promised well for the projected new wing of the Deanfield Infirmary. The fair saleswomen, dressed to perfection in bright summer costumes, were a very attractive feature of the scene, and as they flitted about helped to make a very effective picture. There were eloquent lips whose invitations to buy it was almost impossible to resist, and sweet young faces whose smiles enhanced the value of their wares, at least to masculine purchasers, who were induced to rush into wildly promiscuous investments in book-marks, paper-knives, needle-cases, infantine rattles, and minute straw baskets, with numberless other ingenious creations in beads and Berlin wool. Of this susceptible band was Farmer Chiffin, who had been separated from Joe and Ben in the crowd, and was making his way to Mrs. Kemp's stall, at which his daughter Sarah was assisting to preside. There must have been something in his cheery, good-humoured face which marked him as a desirable customer in the eyes of discriminating saleswomen. He slowly threaded the glittering maze, taking an almost childish delight in the brilliant surroundings. His stock of current coin appeared as inexhaustible as his good-humour; and in the course of his progress his pockets became filled to repletion with a medley of incongruous articles, that furnished material for some quiet little jokes at his expense.

Allen and Maurice Harford were strolling leisurely through the hall, linked arm-in-arm, and chatting pleasantly as they exchanged bows and smiles with their numerous acquaintances. The brothers were strikingly handsome men, much favoured by the regard of the fair spinsters of Deanfield. None of the gratified crowd enjoyed the occasion more thoroughly than the two Harfords; both were gracious and genial; the usually grave, reserved Allen appeared as animated and light-hearted as Maurice himself. Now and then they stopped before a stall, made a purchase, then passed on, only to be intercepted by friends with whom they lingered to laugh and talk; thus they progressed but slowly, their course being further impeded by the fair stall-keepers, who seemed to have conspired in a design against the purses of the wealthy owners of the great factory. They had been loitering in this fashion rather more than two hours, and had just

managed to escape from the toils of Mrs. Raeburn and Maud, who had managed for the third time to entrap them into making purchases.

Maurice spoke laughingly to Allen: "Really this is pleasant, Al; I can hardly realise that we are in dull, prosaic, matter-of-fact Deanfield. I have not enjoyed myself so much for months; I am glad you persuaded me to come, old fellow."

"I thought it would do you good, Maurice, and suggested it as a sort of tonic. I must acknowledge that it has proved more efficacious than I anticipated. Ah! there are Captain Melville's pretty little wife and sister, watching us from behind their stall, and evidently meditating another raid on our pockets. What do you say to our executing the manoeuvre, termed by the military 'right about face'?"

"Nothing loth, Al."

As they turned, Allen felt his brother suddenly start and withdraw his arm. He glanced inquiringly towards him, and was shocked to see his face blanched to the lips, and his eyes fixed in a gaze that was full of dumb fear, which only found expression in that strange straining look. Amazed, bewildered, and dreading he knew not what, Allen followed his brother's eyes in expectation of discovering the cause of this extraordinary agitation, but at that moment he saw in their immediate vicinity only a trio of young matrons, with a fat, placid-looking baby, which they carried by turns, and a stout old lady, on guard over a bevy of fair grandchildren, who were trooping towards them.

"Why, Maurice, whatever is the matter with you?"

The answer came in a low, faltering tone: "Hush! Allen—nothing, nothing—quick, let us get out into the air."

Allen looked puzzled, but merely said, "All right, Maurice, lean on me," and he drew his brother's trembling hand through his arm, then made a movement towards the nearest door, which was a few yards in advance of them.

"Not that way, not that way," Maurice exclaimed in a frightened whisper.

MY PET MARMOSETS.

THESE pretty, harmless little animals do not possess much in common with their larger, uncouth-looking, mischievous brethren, yet some peculiarities in their structure cause them to be classed by naturalists as a division of the monkey tribe. There are twenty-two species of marmosets scattered over South America, from the Isthmus of Panama on the north to the southern extremity of Brazil.

Possessing a sensitive nervous system, they are easily tamed, and quickly learn to recognise their caretakers. Affectionate and gentle, they are also fearless and passionate, screaming with rage at some trifling contradiction one moment, and the next uttering a low, soft whistle of perfect satisfaction. When in health they are very active and amusing, and these qualities, combined with their diminutive size, beautiful fur, and bright eyes, have given them a place as domestic pets, although, as they very rarely breed in England, the supply is limited. We only know of one recent instance in Surrey where three marmosets were born and one reared. The one largest importers of foreign animals and birds are Mr. Jamrach,

of London, and Mr. Cross, of Liverpool. The former imported last year 500 marmosets, comprising nine varieties, and the latter nearly 400. If we add to these a number brought by sailors on private speculation, we may safely estimate that more than 1,000 reach our shores every year.

Change of climate, food, etc., cause a considerable mortality soon after they arrive. The market value of marmosets direct from the importers varies according to the season and species; the commoner kinds are sold from 15s. to £1 each. Rarer sorts are much more valuable, as the lovely golden-haired marmoset (*Midas Rosalia*), of which Mr. Jamrach imported six pairs last year, worth from £16 to £20 a pair.

When tame and acclimatised, all increase in price. Some are sent to the Zoological Gardens, whilst the majority find their way to private houses, where their lives are more or less comfortable. Very few, we imagine, suffer through carelessness or neglect, but more from ignorance of their habits and requirements on the part of their caretakers; and it is chiefly in the hope of giving some information to these, and thus adding to the health and happiness of their little pets, that this paper has been written; whilst the details of management, interspersed in the true stories of our own marmoset and his personal friends, may interest all lovers of the animal world.

Natives of a warmer climate, they are very susceptible to cold and damp, and require great care until they are acclimatised, often dying of consumption during their first winter in England. If they survive this they become sufficiently hardy to enjoy fine summer days out of doors, and we know of some specimens of the common marmoset (*Haapale Jacchus*), both in Yorkshire and Cornwall, which are accustomed to go out as they like in warm weather, delighted to climb the highest trees in the garden, catching insects or basking in the sun; they will come in when called towards evening, or even of their own accord, to sleep indoors, for in no case could they bear the night air of our country. In winter they should be supplied with plenty of wool and flannel in their sleeping-box, and be kept in a room where there is a fire. They appreciate a little blanket to sleep in all the year round, loose and large enough to pull round them as they feel the need; and, like all domesticated animals, they should be kept scrupulously clean. They are naturally cleanly in their habits, and the little golden-haired marmoset is so miserable if his silky coat gets soiled, that he has been said to shed tears over such a disaster, which may readily be believed, as their eyes do overflow with tears when frightened or distressed. This fact will account for some travellers' tales, who have come upon groups of marmosets huddled and twined tails and legs together for warmth on a damp day, and report that those left outside were crying and screaming bitterly. The specific name of *Quistiti* is derived from their low peculiar whistle, as *Haapale* signifies soft, from the texture of their fur.

The history of Tiny, my own first pet, is not so happy as that of his friends; but believing that most of his troubles might have been spared with proper treatment, we shall not pass them over. At his first arrival great was our disappointment! On opening the pretty little basket in which he travelled, it was found tastefully padded with wool and scarlet flannel, delicately perfumed, and from a garment of elegant design emerged a wasted smooth little head, and

beneath was an attenuated body, seven inches in length, and weighing little more than a quarter of a pound, thinly covered with hair in some parts, but the rest, including the long tail, quite bare. The little creature sneezed and coughed incessantly, and appeared far gone in decline. Improperly fed, exposed to changes of temperature, allowed to be a playmate for small children, no wonder it was so out of condition! We would remark in passing that these creatures are not suitable pets for young children without constant oversight from older caretakers. With careful nursing, in about a fortnight Tiny's cold and cough subsided, his fur grew rapidly, and in two months he had developed a fine, soft, thick coat of chinchilla colour, white whiskers, a bushy tail eight inches long, and presented altogether a splendid appearance compared with his former state. For several months he lived almost entirely upon boiled rice, sweetened with sugar, and a little milk. He is regular in his habits, retiring early to bed, and when he had a companion, was greatly annoyed that he would not keep similar hours. Of an unusually quiet, meditative temperament, he yet possesses the curiosity of his race, and watches, with bright, penetrating eyes, every movement around him. A favourite position in winter is to sit before the fire and stretch out his legs to catch the heat, sleeping much on cold damp days. About six weeks ago part of his tail and spine became very stiff, and although, happily, suffering no acute pain, it rendered him sadly helpless, and for a time unable to walk at all.

Although now better, with his weakened constitution we fear Tiny will never become very strong and active, but, like a delicate child, he enjoys to be nursed and petted, at times even refusing to eat except from the hand of his mistress. If on her lap when reading, he will carefully peer over the page to see if there are any pictures, being most interested in those which resemble insects; these he will try to pick off with his hand or teeth. We believe marmosets are the only animals which possess this artistic sense, and they also show their intelligence by examining the contents of boxes or any curiosities in a room. A stronger diet was lately recommended for Tiny, so he has ceased to be a vegetarian, and mealworms, eggs, and insects are added to his bill of fare. Few insects come amiss to this voracious little entomologist, who enjoys nothing better on a hot day than to be carried into a neighbouring wood and watch some of his juvenile friends, who kindly gratify his taste by collecting a variety and allowing him to seize them with hand or mouth, when they speedily disappear. A large Persian cat is often in the same room with Tiny, and they are on sufficiently good terms to be left safely together, and on rare occasions the little creature has gone to sleep in the warmth of the cat's long fur. Once, however, when Puss ventured to play with his tail, it gave great offence; Tiny was indignant, rushed at him, and with angry, loud chattering, drove him away in terror, and he has not been known again to attempt such a liberty, nor to touch the marmoset's little glass of milk without permission, having received a similar absurd rebuff in doing so. Though unable at present to run or leap, he can climb up his cage, and when it is placed in the window will suspend himself by two hands or a leg to catch the sunshine. When in company marmosets are very fond of dressing each other's fur, and cleansing the skin from any impurity. Tiny rejoices in the possession of a miniature brush

and comb, with which he appreciates having his coat kept in order, never showing signs of impatience during the process.

Pitying his loneliness, and thinking that he might like a companion from his own tribe, we procured another marmoset, which arrived safely after a day's journey in its travelling cage of feathers, from which, as soon as opened, jumped a form of sylph-like grace. He was another variety, being devoid of whiskers and with a less intelligent face, but soon gained the appropriate name of Frisky, from his agility. Full of fun and action, he would dart about the room, alight on anything that excited his curiosity, and examine it for a minute, then, half running half leaping, in a few bounds he would reach the other side of the room, and in a moment be gazing at the scene below from the top of the curtain-pole, and so fairy-like was his tread, that he would run up and down and across the finest muslin blind without in the slightest degree injuring the material. The window-curtains and blinds were his favourite playground, where he would perform all sorts of gymnastic exploits, the very Blondin of marmosets; and, hanging head downwards, or suspended by one hand to the tassel, would comb and dress his brown fur coat with the other. His energy was almost too much for poor Tiny, who could only gaze after him from his basket, and vex his spirit, because he could not get Frisky to respond to his frequent calls to come and sit quietly by his side. Perfectly tame and fearless, he did not hesitate to leap unasked upon the hand, shoulder, or even head of any one that he wished to patronise.

We parted with Frisky to a good home, where an invalid lady was wishing for such a pet, and have since heard frequently of the pleasure he gives, constantly inventing some funny plan to amuse himself and his friends. He has given them two alarms, once by skipping on to the fire, but happily he escaped with a slight singeing of the fur on his back, and rather a sore hand. Another time he was missing at the usual hour for bed. Diligent search was made, but in vain, and although he had been played with only a few minutes before, it was feared he must have escaped unnoticed from the house. Great was the concern and sorrow of the household at their supposed loss, and the fear that their pet would meet with an untimely end. Next morning, however, to their comfort, whilst the family were at breakfast, Frisky, with due self-complacency, walked down one of the curtains, where he had passed the night evidently to his own satisfaction, and was now ready for his morning meal.

For some months before Frisky came into our possession he had been nourished entirely upon sponge-cake and sugar, but he now has milk, and occasionally animal food in addition, in the shape of a tender slug or fly. A short time after his departure, another yet smaller animal came to be Tiny's companion; but, alas! it was a short-lived union; she soon developed apoplectic symptoms, falling asleep in all attitudes, and in less than a week quietly passed into the unknown land. Of Tiny's friends out of the house, we will first describe one that lives in the same town. He is called Dot—rather a misnomer, we think, as he is a larger kind, and weighs about nine ounces, with sharper teeth, and stronger in every respect, though he has similar whiskers and soft brown eyes. Dot is a very spirited, active little animal, appearing to find much enjoyment in life, and is so satisfied with his human friends that he

does not care much for his own kindred. Tiny sometimes calls upon him; at the first interview, curiosity led Dot to inspect him pretty fully, but at future visits he ignored his presence. Marmosets are, as a rule, very sociable, and rarely have any serious quarrels with each other. Dot is not friendly with strange persons, and at sight of them will set out his fur, much increasing his size, and chatter in great excitement, even attempting to bite those who persist in touching him. His mistress has kindly given us some particulars of his habits. Dot is very fond of lying in the sunshine, which is never too hot for him, and he enjoys being combed, turning himself over during the process, and taking hold of the comb to show where he wishes it applied, and this frequent combing has much improved his fur. He has a carpet of green baize at the bottom of his cage, which gives it a comfortable appearance, and the woollen is warm for him to roll and play about on. Two pieces are kept in use and changed daily to be aired and also washed occasionally.

Dot is very amusing in his ways, fond of playing at bo-peep just like a child; also of looking through spectacles, and will often take them off the face of the wearer that he may have a peep through, and is evidently much puzzled at the altered appearance of objects seen through them. Dot appreciates admiration, and feels injured if, when lying in the window, the passers-by do not notice him; and he is much pleased to attract a crowd of admirers, with the glass between, to keep them from touching him. He is fond of looking at pictures; and when first shown those of flies and beetles, tried to pick them off the paper, but was not deceived in this way more than three or four times. He delights, like all his race, in a looking-glass, peeping at himself in the funniest way. Dot prefers a variety of food—biscuits, milk, soft-boiled white of an egg, honey gum-dates, boiled green vegetables, mealworms, and most kinds of insects, which it has the unpleasant habit of eating alive. When washed from salt, he also relishes shrimps and periwinkles.

Of Tiny's friends at a distance, Becky is the oldest, a wee creature, whose owner reminds me to mention the important fact that all marmosets have tender bodies, and cannot bear to be squeezed like a kitten; the strongest part is the tail, and the best way to lift them, if they object to walk on to your hand, is to take them by the thick part of the tail nearest to the body. A large, high, waggon-shaped cage is very suitable to keep them in, with a box attached, into which they can at any time retire for repose or warmth; the ordinary narrow perches should also be removed, and flat platforms put instead. Cleaver's patent terebine disinfecting soap is excellent for cleansing the cages of birds and animals, and it emits a pleasant odour of fir-wood. When tame, marmosets may safely enjoy their liberty in a room, and will generally come into the cage to feed.

"If taken about before this, a belt of soft kid may be fastened round the hinder part of the body, and have a ribbon attached, but no collar must be put round the neck. Becky, who generally travels about with her mistress, does not object to one of these little belts, and appreciates change of place and scene. She enjoys a variety of food—fruit, vegetables, etc.—taking minute portions of each.

"Jack and Jill are another pair of marmosets, whose sleeping apartment is in a bath-room, suspended from some hot-water pipes, with a ladder for

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them to climb up and down; and as these pipes are never cold, they constantly enjoy a warm temperature. Jack is a fine animal, as large as Dot, but, unfortunately, has a much less attractive appearance, his tail being without fur, and his body only very thinly clad. Having a large appetite, we fancy he indulges too much in animal food, even eating mice and blackbeetles, and he has been known more than once to make himself seriously ill from partaking too greedily of mealworms and snails. Besides this, he relishes sweets and fruit, especially the pure juice of the grape, but curiously enough will not touch bread and milk or rice. As he was left alone a great deal, his master considerably procured him a little com-

panion, and Jill has greatly added to the happiness of his daily life. For several months they have lived in harmony, on the whole, although having occasional quarrels over their food; unlike a loving pair of marmosets of whom we lately heard, "where the gentleman never touched the food until his wife had partaken of some, and he used to wipe her mouth, stroke her face, and smooth her hair for her every morning."

We have been unable to ascertain the average length of life of a marmoset in its own or this country; but one of the larger species, which has been a pet for more than three years, is now living in full vigour.

J. R.

YORKSHIRE ABBEYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THROUGH NORMANDY," "THROUGH BRITTANY."

II.—FOUNTAINS ABBEY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

WE do not find the name of the brother John de Ripon in the "Chronicle of Fountains Abbey." This gossiping chronicle tells us that it was written about the year 1225, by Hugh of Kirkstall, who, at the request of Abbot John de Cancia, took down the history of Fountains from the lips of Serlo, the aged monk who had known the first settlers in Skelldale while they were monks in St. Mary's at York. Serlo must have been upwards of ninety when he dictated this narrative. He tells us that Ralph Hagel, the seventh Abbot of Fountains, was in his youth a soldier, but at thirty years of age he became dissatisfied with his life. He went, as he was wont, to Fountains, and told his troubles to a friend, a simple lay brother of the abbey, Sunnulp by name. "I will pray for thee," said the lay brother, "but remember to lead a life in keeping with my prayers."

Ralph departed, and one night he fell asleep in a lone house near a chapel. He dreamed that he entered this chapel and began to pray on the subject that engrossed him. Suddenly came a voice from the crucifix, "And why comest thou not, why delay so long?"

As soon as he awoke he started off to Fountains, sought out his humble friend, the lay brother, and told him his dream. All at once Sunnulp became silent and absorbed. Then he burst into tears. "I feel a divine revelation," he said, "that thou shalt receive the religious habit, and end thy days at Fountains."

At this Hagel craved speech of the abbot, and at once made his profession. In the thirteenth year of his conversion he was removed to be Abbot of Kirkstall, which abbey he seems to have mismanaged; but when, after a time, he was chosen Abbot of Fountains, he instituted a strict reform, both in that monastery and in the eight which had sprung from it. In the fourth year of his abbacy a sore famine arose, caused by the incessant rain which had prevailed both in France and England.

The famine was succeeded by a pestilential fever of so contagious a nature that scarcely any would nurse the sick or bury the dead. The poor people fled from their houses and surrounded Fountains in such numbers that they could not at once be provided with shelter.

The abbot, seeing the crowds of sufferers, ordered huts to be made with branches of trees. He also procured nurses, and sent priests to minister to the sick and the dying. This plague raged for six months, and was stayed in the winter of 1194. This abbot Hagel lies in the chapter-house of Fountains Abbey.

His successor, John de Ebor, or John of York, entered the abbey as a novice. He next became cellarer, and then Abbot of Louth Park, Lincolnshire. "While he guided and loved the humble and meek, he severely reprov'd and chastised the reckless and dissolute, but he ever exalted mercy above judgment."

In the time of this abbot, King John, at his wit's end to raise money, cast his eyes on the Cistercian abbeys. He fleeced Fountains, with the rest of the houses of the same order. He demanded 1,200 marks of silver from the Abbot of Fountains. John of York, perceiving how evil were the times in which he lived, paid this sum, and then opened his barns and storehouses for the relief of persecuted brethren fleeing to St. Mary's at Fountains from other quarters. Such great prosperity and renown followed this act that neither church nor buildings were large enough for the great influx of visitors and converts, and Abbot John resolved on the great step, which seems to have surprised his contemporaries, of adding a choir to the church, but he scarcely did more than plan this beautiful building before his death in 1211.

We entered John de Ebor's choir from the nave, and, spite of its terrible mutilation—the pillars which reached to the clerestory have nearly all been torn away—it is a strikingly beautiful building. There is little known about its builders, though it is said that John de Cancia laid it and the Lady Chapel also with tessellated pavement. These quaint black, red, and yellow tiles have been carefully replaced at the high altar.

The grey marble shafts of the beautiful trefoiled arcade which surrounds the walls have also been destroyed; but the windows remain, and the arrangement of these is very original,—single lancet lights are placed under a trefoil of one pointed and two round-headed arches.

In front of the high altar is a splendid slab of blue marble, found under the ruins of the choir-

screen, which had been completely torn down. The brass of this stone has disappeared, but the figure of an abbot, with mitre and staff, is distinct, and is said to represent Abbot John de Ripon, 1434. The rivets which fixed the brass to the stone still remain, and we could make out the grooves by which the solder was poured in to unite these.

But the most picturesque part of the abbey lies behind the high altar. The Lady Chapel, or Chapel of the Nine Altars, reaches north and south as far as

of Rievaulx and Bolton. John of Kent decorated both choir and Lady Chapel, and probably built the last. He also built a large portion of the Domus Conversorum and the dormitory above, and put up the infirmary and enlarged the houses for strangers. He is also said to have erected the abbots' buildings, the finest of the period in England, for the foundations of the great hall show a room 171 feet long by 70 wide.

From the church we found our way to these buildings, built in the most wealthy and famous days of the abbey. A long passage, bordered in some places by a trefoil-headed arcade, leads to the grand hall, which has evidently been divided by a double row of columns nearly from end to end. Next to the hall is the chapel, and north of this, down a flight of steps, a sort of cellar and storehouse; one end of this is still vaulted. South of the chapel is the scullery, and beyond it the kitchen. Here we made out traces of two huge fireplaces and a boiler, and in the corner nearest the river is a stone grate in the ground, open to the water below. This is supposed to have been used as a ventilator when some extra hospitality brought all the fireplaces and ovens into use at once. Beyond this was a reservoir of water from a spring, and the coal-yard. When this part of the ruins was excavated, kitchen refuse of all sorts, etc., was found under a large heap of ashes and cinders, as fresh as if it had lately been thrown there.

The whole of the abbots' buildings are extremely interesting, and worthy of minute examination. The abbey was probably almost complete at John de Cancia's death, in the middle of the thirteenth century, and from this time Fountains went on increasing in wealth and power, and also in its reputation for sanctity, till, at the dissolution of monasteries in 1539, Marmaduke Bradley, thirty-third abbot, resigned it into the hands of the commissioners. Henry VIII promised at first that the revenues of Fountains Abbey should be given for the endowment of a

bishopric of Lancaster, but in the following year he sold the site of the abbey and most of its estates to Sir Richard, the father of Sir Hugh Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange. From the Gresham family it passed by sale to a succession of owners, and was finally bought, in 1768, by Mr. Aislabie, from whom it passed to the Marquis of Ripon.

We went back to the Lady Chapel to get a last look at the church by a passage leading from that by which we had reached the abbot's house. Beside this passage are some remains of another apartment. We came out of the church again by the south transept, outside of which are the condemned cell and the sacristy, and south of these is the chapter-house. This is very large, but unlike the work of the rest of the abbey, and is supposed by Mr. Walbran to be the work of Richard Fastolph, of Clairvaux, fourth abbot of Fountains, in 1153. It is in form a long square, about eighty-four feet by forty-one feet, and has been divided into three by two rows of columns, now broken down; but the triple row of stone seats, used by the monks when in conclave, remains.



FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

the extension of the transepts, and is of exquisite design. It is Early English, like the choir, though the great east window and some of the buttresses are of fifteenth-century work. The chapel is 150 feet wide, and is divided by lofty octagonal columns scarcely more than two feet in diameter, which support graceful pointed arches on a level with the clerestory of the choir.

It is impossible to describe the grace of these lofty arches with their slender shafts and surroundings of ruined wall, bits of greenery peeping in through the lancet windows on the north.

John de Cancia, or John of Kent, next but one in succession to Abbot John de Ripon, placed nine altars at the east end of this chapel. We found some of the piscinas of these altars perfect, and traces of all remain. It is, no doubt, better for the preservation of the building that the ivy should be removed from the walls and arches, but its absence gives a baldness and hardness to these beautiful ruins, in comparison with the exquisite pictures offered by the clinging leaves and brier arms against the greystones

There are, eastward, four stone coffins, probably the tombs of Abbot Fastolph and his successors, and below the abbot's seat is the slab of the great abbot, John de Cancia, the most celebrated of all, who died 1217. There are several other gravestones in the chapter-house. South of this, a vaulted stone passage leads into the great cloister-court, with its walk on each side, in which the monks took their recreation or meditated. In the midst of the quadrangle is a huge lavatory; beside this stands an old yew-tree. Mr. Walbran thinks that the north and west sides of this court were formerly enclosed as places for study and instruction. It is a charming and most suggestive retreat, backed by the church, with the chapter-house on the east, and part of the long range of the Domus Conversorum on the west.

At the south-east angle of this cloister-court we found a staircase leading up to the court-house. From this staircase eastwards, we looked down into the frater-house. Beyond are the cellar and brewhouse, and eastward of these are three prisons. The court-house, with its triple lancet lights and stone-ribbed, vaulted roof, springing from a pillar in the midst, is full of interesting relics, found in and about the abbey. Below it, and entered from the cloister-court, is the kitchen, also with a vaulted stone roof, springing from a single pillar in the centre. Here are two huge fireplaces, and two openings on the west, through which provisions were passed into the refectory. There seem not to have been any windows on three sides. A sort of scullery extends beyond the kitchen.

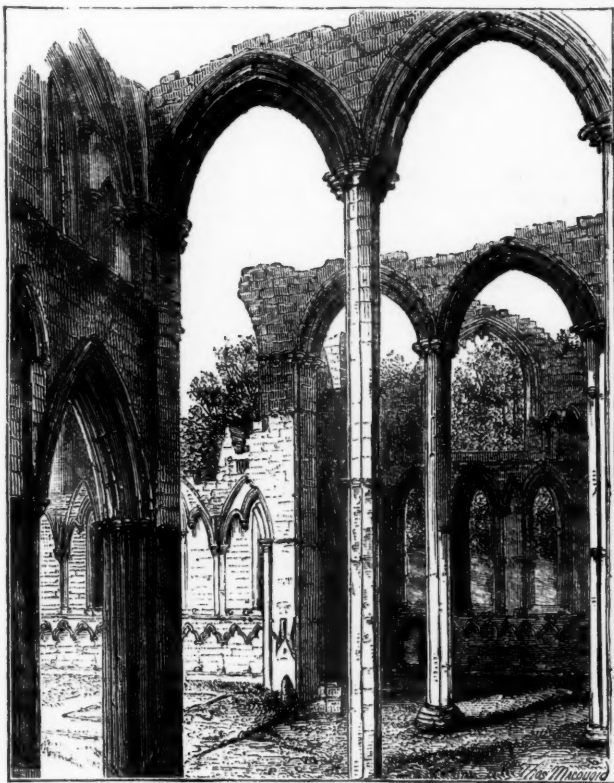
Going back into the cloister-court, we went up three steps, through a fine circular-headed doorway, into the refectory. This is a noble room, upwards of a hundred feet long, and has been divided by a row of marble columns down the middle of its length; it is lighted by long, elegant, lancet windows. Through a round-headed doorway on the west we climbed up a staircase into the reading-gallery, and from this we looked down into the buttery, lighted by a double range of windows, the lower-most pointed, the upper round-headed. The bracket, or corbel, of the pulpit of the reading-gallery remains. The buttery has also an entrance into the cloister-court, and near this is an opening into the Domus Conversorum, but we preferred to enter this from its northern doorway next the church.

We had purposely left this grand old cloister till the last, and the effect of the level sunlight striking on one side of the columns down the arcade, upwards of 300 feet in length, which supports the heavily-groined roof, while the rest was in gloom, was beyond all power of description. There is much of architectural interest in this great gallery which supports the floor of the ancient dormitory. It has been built at two periods, the south portion by John de Cancia, but its grand effects of light and shade, and the play of column and groining, banished all other considerations, and we stood gazing down it for a much longer space than we had lingered among the other buildings. Two staircases lead to the dormitory, one of which communicates with the church.

The time for leaving the ruins is five o'clock, when all the gates are closed and locked; but we were so deeply interested in making out the plan of the buildings, that we did not notice the disappearance of the visitors. At last we were struck by the unusual silence, and on trying the gate found it fast. We felt perplexed. The ruins are far away from any house, and it seemed unlikely that any one would be passing near them, as the gardens are at some distance. We tried all the gates in turn, but all were locked. We called and waited, but no answer came. At last we remembered the triple range of stone benches in the chapter-house, and, climbing these, I was helped out through one of the windows on to the grass below.

We felt no inclination to see the new church at Studley, though it appears to be very beautiful; but there is an intensity of interest about Fountains which is all-absorbing. We returned through the grounds on the opposite side of the river, past the Echo Cliff, and found the way much shorter. South of the abbey is Markenfield Hall, built by Sir Thomas Markenfield in the fourteenth century. It is considered a very good specimen of the period; it is now used as a farmhouse.

There is a view of Ripon Cathedral from the outside of the town just where a bridge spans the river.



THE LADY CHAPEL.

On the previous evening we had been startled by the sound of a horn blown at the cross on the great market-place in front of our inn. We learned that this was the sounding of the mayor's horn, which is blown three times before the mayor's door, and once

again at the market-cross, while the seventh bell of the cathedral is ringing. This horn was ordered to be blown in 1598 at the four corners of the cross every night at nine o'clock, to announce the setting of the watch, whence the chief officer of the town derives his title of wakeman, after which time, if any house "on the gate syde within the towne was robbed, the wake-man was bound to compensate the loss if it was proved that he and his servants neglected their duty." The landlord of our inn possesses the old horn, a new one being now used.

Next morning we went from the market-place through Kirkgate to the cathedral. Leland says that the old abbey of Ripon stood near Stammersgate. This was founded by Eata, Abbot of Melrose, in 660, but some disputes occurring with their patron, Prince Alchfrid, the monks departed from the monastery, and he bestowed it on St. Wilfrid, a famous northern saint, afterwards created Archbishop of York or Northumbria. St. Wilfrid having, in the course of foreign travels, acquired much taste for architecture, resolved to build a new abbey, and laid its foundations about two hundred yards distant from the old one. He built here a stately pile, but this monastery was destroyed by fire during the ravages of King Edred in 950. Its charter exists in the Monasticon, and thus quaintly concedes to the church the privilege of sanctuary:—

"On ilke side the kyrke a mile
For all ill deedes and ylke agyle,
And within yair kyrke gate,
At ye stan yat grithstole hate,
Within ye kirke dore and ya quare
Yair have pees for les and mare."

The privilege of ordeal by fire and water was also granted to this church. The boundary of this place of refuge was marked, at the end of the thirteenth century, by eight crosses surrounding the church, called mile crosses. Sharow Cross still remains, and traces of two others. It is probable that Wilfrid built another church, and that the Saxon crypt under the cathedral which bears his name is on the site of this church, also destroyed by Edred. In 1154, Roger, Archbishop of York, began the new cathedral, of which, though it has been greatly rebuilt, the original plan may still be completely traced. The bones of Wilfrid are said to rest here, and at one time there was a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Wilfrid, but whereabouts the tomb and its shrine existed is matter of conjecture.

The west front is very plain and severe, but it is a fine specimen of tenth-century architecture. The nave, too, is very grand in its proportions, the central part being as wide as Archbishop Roger's original church, with superadded aisles; but a want of harmony in one of the central piers supporting the tower jars on the eye as one enters, the cause of which is learnedly explained by the vergers; it is really very interesting as showing the site of the original tower arches built by Archbishop Roger and destroyed by the fall of St. Wilfrid's Tower in the fifteenth century. On the face of two of these piers we made out two brackets, which must have supported the ancient roof screen.

The transepts are almost all early work, and belong to Archbishop Roger's church. In the north transept is the Markenfield Chapel. Here is a fine fourteenth-century monument of Sir Thomas Markenfield and his wife; there is also another tomb of

later work of a Sir Thomas Markenfield and his wife, 1497; a stone pulpit stands in this transept.

The south transept is the burial-place of the possessors of Studley Royal. Here lie the Mallorys and Aislabies. There is a stone organ screen, but the organ is quite inadequate to the size of the cathedral. The service seemed to us very poor and unsatisfactory compared with that of York Minster.

The choir is of unusual length, and appears to have a double row of lights; this effect is caused by the glazing of the triforium openings above. The wooden roof of this choir was destroyed by the fall of the spire in 1660, and much of the fine carving of the stalls was mutilated; but there is still some most quaint and clever carving left on the misereres, which the vergers takes the greatest pride in showing. Some of the grotesques are wonderfully full of character and spirit. The chapter-house and vestry are evidently very old. Above them is a chapel called the Lady Loft. From the vestry we went into a small sacristy or treasure chamber. Here we were shown a case of curious objects, figures in coloured alabaster, found in excavating under the dean's seat—St. Wilfrid with his crozier, the Coronation of the Virgin, and the Resurrection, and some other very interesting relics.

We had been told that the most interesting part of Ripon Cathedral lies underground, in a part of the crypt called the Needle of St. Wilfrid. Presently the vergers appeared with a lighted candle, and, stooping down, he lifted a trap-door near the chancel, and led the way down a flight of stone steps. We followed him down a staircase more than forty feet below the nave, till we reached a long passage, which led through a round-headed opening into a vaulted cell eleven feet three inches long, seven feet nine inches wide, and nine feet four inches in height. It is quite dark, and archaeologists seem puzzled about its date; but as there is authority that Wilfrid built such a cell under the abbey church of Hexham, he probably built this one also. There are several niches in the walls, and on the north side is the famous opening called St. Wilfrid's Needle. This hole is eighteen inches high and thirteen inches wide, made through the immense thickness of the wall, and leading on its farther side into a passage with steps going up to the choir; the aperture on the outer side is much larger than that by which it is entered from the crypt. Mr. Walbran says that, according to Camden, this "needle" was threaded by women as a sort of ordeal, those who could pass through being considered free from scandal. To our surprise, the vergers told us that the custom of passing through this hole still exists, though no longer as a trial of virtue. He asked us to feel the surface of the passage walls, which are worn perfectly smooth by the friction of the dresses as their wearers are pressed through the hole. He said it was rare if one woman out of every party he conducted to the crypt did not ask to thread Wilfrid's Needle.

This vergers was singularly intelligent and well-informed, both as to the architecture and history of the church, but we regretted that he did not show us the crypt, which is well worth seeing. There is not much to see in the ancient town of Ripon (once so famous for its spurs), but it has several quaint old buildings. There is a curious old chapel in the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, in Stammersgate. Also in Agnesgate are the ruins of the old chapel of the Hospital of St. Anne; the hospital, consisting

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of almshouses for eight poor women, was rebuilt in 1869.

There are perhaps more places of interest to be reached from Ripon than from any other Yorkshire centre:—Masham, Jervaux Abbey, and the many interesting ruins and castles of Richmondshire; Middleham and Bolton and Richmond Castles; Easby Abbey; Leyburn and all the beauties of Wensleydale; southward is Kirkstall Abbey; and to the north-east, by way of Thirsk, where there is an interesting church, now restoring, and a charming view of the Hambleton Hills, are to be seen the priory of Mount Grace, Rievaulx Abbey, Helmsley and Gilling Castles, Coxwold (where Laurence Sterne lived and wrote "Tristram Shandy") and Byland Abbey; Ryedale, in which Rievaulx Abbey is placed, is an exquisite neighbourhood, one of the loveliest bits of the East Riding, with the little town of Helmsley as a centre.

NEW HELPS FOR HOSPITALS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

VI.—SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS.

"HEAVEN helps those who help themselves" is a good, manly "English" maxim, but it is susceptible of a cynical interpretation—to wit, that those who, through no fault of their own, are least able to help themselves get the least help in England. At any rate, it is not pleasant to remember that the Turkish capital, to say nothing of some dozen Christian ones in continental Europe, had a Sick Children's Hospital before London had. It was not that London—that England—had no need of one; young lives fall here like blighted blossoms, to be followed by no fruit, before a bleak spring wind.

In 1850, however, a few benevolent men—two of them belonging to what may be called the benevolent profession—to wit, the medical—determined to supply the much-needed institution, and in 1852 the Sick Children's Hospital was opened in Great Ormond Street.

At first it seemed as if, after all, it was *not* needed. It opened with one in-patient, and during the first month of its existence had only eight in- and twenty-four out-patients to tend. But its fame soon spread around, and poor mothers, no longer suspicious, flocked to its doors with their ailing little ones. Money was now the great difficulty; but this, too, came in as the hospital became known amongst the rich as well as the poor. Persons of distinction advocated its claims in public. One of its best friends in this way was that genuine child-lover, the late Charles Dickens, who by his pen and his speeches, now playful and now pathetic, but very practical withal, evoked a widespread interest in the hospital. It annexed the adjoining house, and in 1872 began its new buildings, the first part of which was opened in 1875, the second of which will be finished by the end of the present year, and the third of which will be begun—when the public has supplied the necessary means. To complete this brief general history of the institution, I should mention that it has a convalescent offshoot at Highgate; that, besides providing excellent training for nurses, it contains the nucleus of a most valuable medical school; and that it is the model "mother-church," so to speak, of

the Children's Hospitals which have come into existence since its foundation in London and other parts of the United Kingdom. It had great need of these chapels-of-ease, since some of its out-patients came from Greenwich, and it received in-patients from all England.

When the hospital is completed, the old houses in which it began its work will have vanished. If lovers of old London, therefore, who have never seen their interiors wish to do so, they had better make haste; and I have no doubt that when they have gratified their dilettanteism, their interest will be excited in the modern uses to which the old buildings have been applied. "Towards the end of the reign of Charles II," writes Leigh Hunt, "the metropolis began to increase in the direction of Holborn; Hatton Garden, Brooke and Greville Streets were built, and Ormond Street *ran towards the fields.*" Gentry lived in Great Ormond Street in those days; and, even outside, its houses have still an aspect of faded gentility—what Thackeray used to call a "dowager" look. But in our days charity seems to be annexing Great Ormond Street and its neighbour Queen Square. The Children's Hospital has on one hand the Homœopathic Hospital, on the site of Lord Chancellor Thurlow's house, and on the other the Hospital of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, the Chapel of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Working Men's College.

The house in which the hospital began its work was once tenanted by Dr. Meade. It and its neighbour have fine old mantelpieces, moulded ceilings, painted panels, and so on, at which Mr. Oldbuck can now look at his leisure; but I think that he would not have much time to spare for them if the rooms were tenanted as they were when I first visited them. It was in the company of the late Dr. Guthrie, and I well remember how the little ones, well enough to toddle about, instantly appropriated the grand old man, clustering about and clinging to his legs like iron filings to a magnet, whilst he fumbled in his pockets for lozenges for them—how confidently they looked up to his beaming face, which hung over them like the sunlit top of "some tall cliff," and how the normal hiatus between his loosely-tied neckcloth and tumbled shirt widened when he flung one of the wee-est up high over even his silvery head. I can hear his chuckling "heh!" of amused delight when he entered the *crèche*, and saw the infants seated in circle round the good-natured, laughing nurse, gaping like little birds as she fed them in turn with her well-filled spoon. I can see, too, the good old doctor's blank look of disappointment when, after searching all his pockets, he found that, so far as lozenges went, previous extravagance had left him hopelessly insolvent. He took out his snuff-box to console himself, and seemed half inclined to hand it round to the youngsters as the best amends that he could make them.

I have spoken of the good-nature of the *crèche* nurse, but good-nature is not a differentiating quality amongst those who tend in the Sick Children's Hospital. The greatest kindness is the common attribute of all of both sexes. It is a beautiful thing to see how the eyes of the little sufferers brighten when the honorary lady-superintendent and her honorary aids speak to them in their low and gentle voices—to note the affectionate familiarity—a familiarity which breeds the opposite of contempt—that subsists between the children and

their equally kind paid-nurses. When they have got over the worst of their troubles, and find themselves in their gay, warm, red, winter uniform, or pretty, cool, summer uniform of pink and white, in pleasant rooms, made still more cheerful by pictures, illuminated texts, flowers, and ferns; in common possession of picture-books, dolls, dolls'-houses, Noah's-arcs, swings, rocking-horses, and live kittens, and sole proprietors to boot of other toys, with a little shelf across each cot to range them on; well fed and cleanly clad, and waited on by those kindly albeit black-garbed ministering angels, the little patients must vaguely almost fancy themselves in heaven.

As strength comes back to them, they indulge in plenty of fun. They "play at doctors," looking at one another's tongues, feeling one another's pulses, and poking pencils, to represent thermometers, under one another's arms, gravely pretending afterwards to read off the registered temperature; they cuddle and dress up their kittens like babies, and put their dolls' hair in curl-papers; they pipe away like little larks; they chirp like little sparrows; some, alas!—or ought I to use a more jubilant interjection?—of the little male redbreasts begin to peck at one another like little robins. Who can help laughing at hearing one little mite, on "fancy diet," when asked to order her dinner, imperiously demand "beefsteak and onions," and another "sassenges"? Very jolly, too, are the little people—those of them able to stand it or sit it—over their Christmas treat of music and puppet-show. I do not know whether Punch proper was ever introduced into the hospital, but, if so, I can imagine that the fate of the baby caused even less commiseration than usual, since the little spectators would feel sure that, thrown out of window by its unnatural parent in such a place, it would be well looked after.

But in spite of the loving care lavished on the little sufferers, and the flower-like way in which those who are getting over their sufferings open to the sunshine, sadness must be the dominant outcome of a walk through the wards of the Sick Children's Hospital—all the more if the visitor has healthy, rollicking children of his own waiting to welcome him at home.

The little shoulders are so very narrow to bear, or sink under such heavy loads. This mite of a girl has lost one leg, and is destined to lose the other. Her pride in the perambulator in which she takes her airings, and which she looks upon as her own private carriage, is the way in which the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. Another is waiting for the surgeon to free her from a hideous tumour on the head; a third shrimp is crying, not so much on account of her own sufferings—the nurses say that such expression of pain is rare amongst the little people—as because it is washing-day at home, and she cannot be there to mind baby!

This little fellow has been cut for stone; this other voiceless baby has had his throat cut to save his life; that little chap sitting up in his cot over his dinner, who now and then has to have his spoon guided to his plate, is hopelessly blind; and here is a poor little homeless, friendless bag of bones—brought into hospital dying of starvation—who is being fed on raw meat. It is "peppered" with sugar; but nevertheless he spits it out when he can get a chance of doing so upon the sly.

The mothers of the out-patients used to assemble

with their little ones in a waiting-room, looking out upon what was almost the only dreary part of the premises—a flowerless garden. That space is now covered by the new buildings, and the Foundling Hospital has granted its neighbour a 999 years' lease, at a rent of £100 per annum, of a piece of ground to the west and north of the new buildings, on condition that its old houses and stables and sloppy pavements be supplanted by trees, flowers, grass, and dry gravel. The little convalescents will then have a pleasant garden to walk in, and a good playground in which to begin to romp once more, whilst the change of surroundings will, of course, be of sanitary advantage to the little patients still confined to their beds. In his speech at Freemasons' Hall, in 1858, Charles Dickens mentioned, as an interesting fact, that the mothers of out-patients, having been reminded by a notice affixed to a money-box in the waiting-room that if they each gave a penny the hospital would get £40, contributed in one year—a very "bad" one—£50 in this way. It seems, however, that people able to pay for advice used to avail themselves to a considerable extent of the out-patient department. Accordingly, the committee were obliged to avail themselves of the Charity Organisation Society's aid in sifting their out-patients. I read, however, in the committee's report for the current year: "But they have grave doubts whether this advantage has not been gained at the expense of diminishing the utility of the hospital as a great centre for the treatment of severe and complicated cases, and they feel that the whole question requires further consideration."

The out-patient waiting-rooms are now spacious chambers in the new buildings, so arranged that the child and its mother can pass first to the room in which the medical officer attends, then to one in which a nurse gives splints, bandages, or explanations, next to the open dispensary window, and so out without jostling with the inflowing tide of patients.

The devoted staff of the hospital are very proud, and no wonder, of the new buildings which they have daily watched in their progress towards completion. Their little patients have indulged in a little innocent "chaff" at their expense, on account of the loving glances they have noticed directed towards the rising brick and mortar.

"Please, 'm, you're not goin' yet, are ye, 'm'm?" said one little girl to the lady-superintendent.

"Why not, dear?"

"Please, 'm, because you haven't looked out of window yet, 'm'm."

As, owing to their handsome appearance, the charge of extravagance has been brought against the new buildings, I will mention here two pregnant facts. The Grocers' Company hesitated to subscribe towards the cost of the buildings on the ground of apparent extravagance, but, as soon as it had gone into the figures, sent a cheque for £100. Mr. John Walter, M.P., raised a similar objection, but when he, too, had compared convenience with cost, he sent a cheque for £500, and is now the chairman of the hospital's committee. The towers, which were supposed to be purely ornamental, are, in fact, ingenious sanitary contrivances. Some £10 or £20, at the outside, is all that has been spent in making the buildings beautiful instead of bald. The chapel was the free gift of one of those benevolent anonymi whom, when in difficulties, one cannot help wishing

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we could encounter on their Haroun Alraschid rambles.

The wards named after the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and the Princesses Alice, Helena, and Louise, are lined with glazed brick, ceiled with Parian, and floored with teak, which can be bee-swaxed into brightness without tempting convalescent youngsters to strike up a dangerous slide upon it, and kept quite clean without scrubbing. The wards are warmed by hot-water pipes and Galton's stoves, and the ventilating arrangements are very ingenious. Instead of closets, shelves, for cleanliness' sake, are used, for brooms, brushes, etc., and lifts save much trouble, annoyance, and possible breakage. On the second floor, besides the general wards, there are single-bedded rooms, a whooping-cough room, a quarantine ward, the operating theatre, and the library. The porter's lodge is a Dionysius's ear, speaking-tubes communicating with it from all parts of the hospital. A decent mortuary, for the temporary sojourn of the little ones who are sleeping their last long sleep in their coffin-shaped cradles, a museum, and the new buildings which are to cover the site of the old houses, are still wanting, but since the hospital's capital will be reduced by the end of the year to £8,000, the committee will have to suspend building operations until the public shall come to their aid, or some munificent donation or legacy drops in, since it has been their practice from the beginning "to keep clear of debt, to apply money when received as soon as practicable for the permanent improvement of the hospital, but not to incur liabilities."

Dr. Meade's house will, I heartily hope, soon have to come down, but Cromwell House, in its renovated ripe old age, looks as if it might still stand to be as old again. It ought to be called Ireton, rather than Cromwell House, since it was not the Protector, but his daughter Bridget, who lived there, opposite the pretty creeper-wreathed, gabled cottage (ruthlessly razed in our days) wherein Cromwell's Latin secretary, Andrew Marvell, whilom did abide, and the still-standing mansion, lurking behind high, buttressed, ivied walls (itself now converted into a convalescent home for the patients of St. Bartholomew's), which that degenerate Scot, Lauderdale, used to lend to the scampish son of the faithless king whom Cromwell deprived of life and crown, for the prosecution of his disgraceful amours. It was from a window of this house that Nell Gwynne is said to have threatened to throw her baby if her "royal" lover would not give him a title.

Bell-turreted "Cromwell" House, ruddily peeping from the trees that front and flank it, is the most picturesque old place in Highgate. It has a *porte-cochere* big enough to admit a loaded hay-waggon. The cooking appliances on the basement are very different from the huge spits and long-backed, short-legged turners of the same in Ireton's days, but the ceilings are still carved with Ireton's arms, and carved men-in-armour still stand sentry on the balustrade of the noble old oak staircase. From the pleasant garden behind, which contains a medlar-tree so large that it is easy to imagine that Mistress Ireton, looking out from her chamber-window on a bright May morning, may have been gladdened by the sight of its big white flowers, and have picked, some dull autumn afternoon, its disappointing rotten-ripe fruit, the eye can wander for miles over a champaign of grass and wood and water, unbroken save for a

few sprinkled houses and Hornsey's ivied church-tower. This glorious old mansion was opened in 1869 for the reception of convalescents from the Great Ormond Street Hospital and tediously chronic cases requiring country air.

When walking up Highgate Hill on a sunny Sunday morning, it is very pleasant to hear the little inmates' voices floating out through the open windows in psalm or hymn; very pleasant on week-days to hear them ringing merrily in their playground; though if you hear them from the wards the pleasure is damped by the sight of the poor little chronic patients, some of them literally tied by the leg, with chain and weight for the straightening of a limb, like lamed captive little birds.

In 1876 the Great Ormond Street Hospital received 869 in-patients, and 406 were admitted into the Highgate house.

Since the hospital of which I have been writing began its career a quarter of a century ago, several other Sick Children's Hospitals, as I have said, have come into existence in the United Kingdom, and are doing good work. In London we have the Belgrave, in Cumberland Street, Eccleston Square; the Evelina, Southwark Bridge Road; the North-eastern, Hackney Road; the North-west Dispensary, Bell Street, Edgware Road; the Victoria, Queen's Road, Chelsea; but from the interesting circumstances of its foundation, the strange place in which it originally found a local habitation, and the fact that its inhabitants have this year flitted into more commodious premises built expressly for them, I will take the East London as a final type of the hospitals which the two funds I am advocating help.

Some years ago, when the cholera was raging in the East End, Mr. Heckford, whose Indian experience made his services particularly valuable, was one of the most devoted of the medical men who went about among the poor. In the course of his rounds he fell in with an accomplished gentlewoman, who, as a trained nurse, had also devoted herself to the service of those whose lot in life is hard. The fellow-workers for love fell in love with one another; but when the dread disease was stayed, they did not leave the district in which they had laboured. Moved to pity by the misery they had witnessed among the women they had visited, they resolved to remain in their midst and found an East London Hospital for Children and Dispensary for Women. They bought a wooden sail-loft and adjoining premises at Ratcliff Cross, hard by Ratcliff Dock and Stairs, and took up their abode there. They began with ten little patients, and at first worked unaided, "keeping," as well as housing and tending, their little ready-made family of invalids. When friends came to their aid, and a committee of management was formed in 1868, they still stayed on, putting up with the roughest quarters, which became more and more cramped as the number of patients increased. Mrs. Heckford, who was a skilful artist, used to employ such leisure as she could find in painting pictures to brighten and beautify the dim, rough walls. The noble pair wore themselves out in their work, and Mr. Heckford, fearing that his wife would die, gave up his "children" to the care of the friends he had raised up for them, and took her abroad to recruit her health. But on their travels *he* sickened, and came home to die. It is no wonder that those who worked under him, or who have entered into his labours, look at the portrait of him, which hangs in

the hospital (painted by his wife), very much as if it were the picture of a saint; and, indeed, many men and women have been canonized for far less well-doing than Mr. and Mrs. Heckford performed, making no fuss about it.

It was a bleak winter day when I first found my way to the Ratcliff Cross Hospital. A marrow-freezing wind was blowing, snow fell fast—almost the only clean-looking thing out of doors. The few people lounging about—it seemed strange that there should be any, unless they had no homes to go to—were cringingly cuddling themselves into themselves, with their hands deep-thrust into their pockets, and their coat-collars turned up to their ears, half-buried in their hunched-up shoulders. The only at all snug-looking object out of doors was a ship jammed in dock, and her bowsprit, stretching half across the roadway, though the jibboom was run in, gave one the notion of a nose shrinking from frostbite.

After that dreary outside the old wooden hospital, although its timbers creaked in the wind like a ship's, seemed quite cosy inside. In spite of the draughts that found their way in, good fires made the air warm, and it was unctuous with the scent of hot dinners, which most of the little patients were consuming with excellent appetites. "Feeding up" is often found to be more necessary than physic in the East London Hospital, since so many of its beneficiaries suffer from diseases engendered by long-continued poor living on the part of their parents as well as themselves. All the patients who can digest such diet, have meat or strong soup once a day, and eggs, wine, and ale are not stinted when necessary. Bread-and-butter and milk (as being more nutritious than tea) form the morning and evening meal, but tea is sometimes given as a treat, and so also is the more nutritious cocoa. The children that are sheltered in this hospital for the poorest of the poor are sometimes left to its care, when the sieve-like blanket in which they have been brought has been removed, as naked as when they came into the world, save for the filth that encrusts them like a plaster-cast. The district for whose poor it is intended will soon have a population of half a million, and amongst these, as I have intimated, there are hundreds of the veriest poor of London, that "deeper still" beneath the lowest depth of English poverty, Irish paupers.

The creaking hospital seemed more like a ship than ever when, almost as soon as I got inside, I had to mount 'tween-decks ladder-like steep stairs, which ended in a hatchway-like trap flush with the first floor. All the beds in the ward were filled. Beds have often been made up on the floor. All the wards had engravings, almanacks, chromos, and here and there a painting on their walls. One of the windows framed another picture—the spars, blocks, cordage of vessels moored close at hand, more distant shipping anchored in the stream, and the snow driving down into the mud-coloured river and whirling wildly above it; no land beyond being in sight, one could almost fancy one's self at sea.

But what little men we had on board, not one of them A.B.; little women too, in a similar condition. We were better off for officers—cheery, tenderly-touching doctor and captain combined; sunny-faced, fun-gurgling lady-nurse first-mate; petty officers in bib and apron actually cuddling invalided members of the crew of the other as well as their own sex. They are kind creatures, those hospital nurses and house doctors. Hands and hearts went out to them

as they passed from cot to cot at Ratcliff Cross; sadly loving and longing eyes followed them as, after lingering to humour their little patients' fancies, they went on upon their rounds.

Since its foundation in 1868 in the ramshackle Ratcliff Cross premises, the Heckford Hospital, as it might appropriately be called, has received some 55,000 patients. For the completion of its convenient new buildings in Shadwell it needs £5,000. Surely there are amongst my readers a thousand who could very well afford to send the secretary a five-pound note apiece for this good end. And if all my readers call to mind the little sufferers who find solace in these children's hospitals, the remembrance will, I think, stimulate their liberality as year after year Hospital Sunday and Saturday come round.*

* I have only space to refer in a note to the beneficent surgical appliance societies which the Saturday Fund assists. The National Truss Society distributes more than a hundred pounds' worth of trusses annually. The following is a list of the appliances furnished by the Surgical Aid Society down to the end of last year:—

102 Artificial Eyes	1,367 Leg Instruments, Scarpa
290 Pairs of Spectacles	Shoes, etc.
10 Artificial Noses	369 Enemas, etc.
75 Ear Trumpets	552 High Cork and Special
55 Respirators	Boots
2 Artificial Palates	80 Water and Air Beds, Pillows,
495 Spinal Instruments	etc.
118 Artificial Arms	35 Galvanic Belts and Batteries
329 Artificial Legs	23 Invalid Carriages
3,574 Trusses	5 Invalid Couches and Chairs
769 Belts and Bandages	48 Hammocks
397 Crutches	31 Sundries
8,440 Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps,	
etc.	17,106 Total Appliances.

A HOSPITAL HYMN.

ON the 4th of December, 1873, Lord Leigh laid the foundation-stone of the working men's block of the Queen's Hospital at Birmingham with masonic honours, and the following simple hymn, which the late Canon Kingsley composed for the occasion, was sung by a choir of 1,000 voices:—

"Accept this Building, Gracious Lord,
No temple though it be;
We raised it for our suffering kin,
And so, good Lord, for Thee.

Accept our little gift, and give
To all who here may dwell,
The will and power to do their work,
Or bear their sorrows well.

From Thee all skill and science flow;
All pity, care, and love;
All calm and courage, faith and hope,
Oh! pour them from above.

And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise, like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

And hasten, Lord, that perfect day,
When pain and death shall cease;
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace,

When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod;
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God!"

Varieties.

TURKEY BEFORE THE CRIMEAN WAR.—The following statement as to the condition of the Ottoman empire appeared in a "Times" leader on March 2, 1853:—"We have already intimated that the time is fast approaching when the maintenance of the Ottoman empire in its present form will be found to be impracticable, acknowledged to be undesirable; but whatever political vicissitudes the Christian and Slavonic provinces of Turkey may witness, they can pass under no form of government more barbarous and oppressive than that which has so long overwhelmed them. We profess, therefore, to feel no anxiety for the maintenance of the Ottoman empire, which bears the stamp of a tyrannical past, a worthless present, and an extinct future." In less than a year afterwards England was at war on the side of Turkey!

CIRCASSIAN SCOTCHMEN.—The extract in the "Leisure Hour" from Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's "Russia," has elicited the following letter from Mr. A. C. Simpson, Inspector of Poor in South Leith:—"It may be interesting to the writer of the article about the Scotch settlers in Circassia, and to some of your readers, to have a statement corroborative to some extent of the narrative of Mr. Wallace's Circassian Scotchman. On 12th October last a man named Richard Galloway, aged fifty-two, a labourer, applied to me, as inspector of poor for the parish, to be admitted to the poor-house, in consequence of being in destitute circumstances, and totally disabled for any kind of work by severe wounds on one of his legs. On inquiry into his history, he informed me that he had been born in Circassia of Scotch parents, his father having gone out and settled there as a missionary. He told me also of the land they possessed by Government grant, but no person, he informed me, troubled to cultivate it, as they could get a bushel of grain for eightpence, and other agricultural produce proportionately cheap. He left the settlement in consequence of there being little or no opportunity of learning a trade, and found his way to St. Petersburg, where he remained a number of years, following the trade of a plumber. Ten years ago he came to this country, where by degrees he has got to the level of "drudging" as a labourer and becoming an applicant for parish relief. He was admitted to the poor-house and remained for six weeks, the rest and treatment he then received putting him into such a state of convalescence that he left the house to make a fresh start to provide for himself. His leg again failed him last January, and he took another benefit from the poor-house for four weeks, leaving it then for the same purpose as before, and at present I do not know where he is to be found. If I had known that his family's connection with Circassia was likely to be made a subject of notice and narrative in your magazine, I would have been at a little more pains to have obtained from him more details about the matter."

ROUND THE WORLD IN A STEAM YACHT.—Mr. T. Brassey, M.P., on arriving at Cowes this summer, after a voyage round the world in his yacht "Sunbeam," gave an account in the "Times," of which the following is a summary:—

The expedition is in some respects unprecedented; a circumnavigation of 35,400 miles has never before been made in the short period of forty-six weeks, from which must be deducted 112 days of well-earned repose in harbour. We had, it is true, the advantage of steam, without which such a performance would have been an impossibility; but we travelled 20,517 miles under sail alone, and the consumption of coal has not exceeded 350 tons. The "Sunbeam" sailed from Cowes on the 6th of July, called at Torbay, Madeira, Tenerife, and the Cape Verde, crossed the Line on the 8th of August, and, carrying a favourable breeze in the south-east trades, without even a momentary lull, a distance of 2,500 miles, arrived at Rio Janeiro on the 17th of August. Following the coasts of South America, we visited Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and Ensenada, steamed through the Straits of Magellan and Smyth's Channel, and reached Valparaiso on the 21st of October. While on the coast of Patagonia it was our privilege to rescue a crew of fifteen hands from the bark "Monk's Haven," laden with an inflammable cargo of smelting coals, which had been on fire six days, when we most providentially desisted her signals of distress. On the 30th of October we commenced our long and lonely voyage of 12,330 miles across the Pacific. We touched at Bow

Island in the Low Archipelago, Maitea and Tahiti in the Society Islands, and Hawaii and Ohnu in the Sandwich group. On the 21st of January we sighted Assumption in the Ladrones, and on the 29th arrived at Yokohama. On the 19th of February we bade a reluctant farewell to Japan, and, following the most direct route to England, visited in succession Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, Singapore, Johore, Malacca, Penang, Galle, Colombo, Aden, Alexandria, Malta, Gibraltar, and Lisbon, arriving at Cowes May 27th.

On looking back, remarks Mr. Brassey, and contrasting the anticipated difficulties with the actual experiences of the voyage, the ease and certainty with which every passage has been made are truly surprising. Our track has been for the most part within the Tropics. The storms off the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn have been avoided in the inland passages of the Straits of Magellan and the Suez Canal. We have encountered no continuous stormy weather, except during the four days preceding our arrival at Yokohama. We have suffered discomfort from heat and detention in calms, but storms have disturbed us seldom, and they have not lasted long. The navigation has presented few difficulties. All the coasts that we have visited have been surveyed. Lighthouses are now as numerous and efficient on the coasts of China and Japan as on the shores of Europe. Such is the perfection of the modern chronometer that lunar observations, the only difficult work in ocean navigation, are no longer necessary; and the wind charts published by the Admiralty supply to the amateur navigator accumulated information and valuable hints for every stage of his voyage. Our comprehensive and varied cruise has strengthened my former convictions that the disasters due to negligence bear a large proportion to the number of inevitable losses. Every coast is dangerous to the careless commander; but there are no frequented seas where, with the exercise of caution and reasonable skill, the dangers cannot be avoided. These remarks do not, of course, apply to cases from stress of weather. In fogs there must be delay, though not necessarily danger. Such a voyage, concludes Mr. Brassey, is indeed a serious effort. It demands many laborious days and anxious nights of watching. For my safe return to "those pale, those white-faced shores," so welcome to the homeward-bound, accompanied, happily, by the adventurous little family who have taken part in the expedition, I am truly thankful.

CHINESE ENCYCLOPEDIA.—Towards the close of the 17th century the reigning Emperor of China appointed an Imperial Commission to reprint in one vast collection all native works of interest and importance in every branch of literature. In the beginning of the following century the Commissioners completed their labours, and were able to lay before the Emperor a very palpable proof of their diligence in the shape of a compilation consisting of 6,109 volumes, entitled "Kin ting koo kin too shoo tsei ching," or "An Illustrated Imperial Collection of Ancient and Modern Literature." Only a small edition was printed off in the first instance, and before long the greater part of the copper types which had been cast for the undertaking were purloined by untrustworthy officials, and the remainder were melted down and coined into cash. Accidents by fire and by violence have considerably reduced the number of copies of the imperial edition originally printed, and it is believed that only a comparatively few now remain extant.—*Athenaeum*.

TRAP-DOOR SPIDER NESTS.—These most remarkable of all "homes without hands" are found throughout the Riviera, in sloping banks and moss-covered terraces. We believe it was the Hon. Mrs. Richard Boyle who introduced these curious habitations to the notice of visitors to Mentone. Naturally the inquiry arose, Have we any trap-door spiders in England? And many persons have eagerly sought the answer. In Mr. Moggridge's pleasant book, "Harvesting Ants and Trap-door Spiders," the answer is partly given. The only British spider which approaches to the Mentone trap-door species is one which constructs a tube in the ground, without, however, the remarkable swing lid which we find at Mentone and Cannes. The nests of the British, or rather North European species, *Athyus subseri*, have hitherto, we believe, been chiefly found in the Isle of Wight. But a remarkable disclosure has just been made at the Entomological Society. It now seems that Hampstead Heath

is also a locale for the species. Sir Sidney Saunders, exploring on Hampstead Heath, finds *Atypus sulzeri* inhabiting tubes which project about four inches above the ground and extend about ten inches below the surface. These tubes are generally found concealed under bushes. Here is a heavy indictment against London entomologists! That this most interesting discovery should only just have been made is indeed a satire on the hundreds of mere collectors and "fly-catchers," who are content to go on capturing and exhibiting things year after year without adding one item to our knowledge. In the same degree the discovery is encouraging to the beginner in natural history, as indicating the fresh fields and pastures new which are still unexplored. At the recent *soirée* of the West London Scientific Association some admirable specimens of the Mentone trap-door spider nest were exhibited.—H. Walker, in "*Bayswater Chronicle*."

TELEGRAPH STATISTICS.—The number of paid inland messages transmitted by this country in 1875 was (in round numbers) 18½ millions; by Germany, 8½ millions; by France, 7 millions; by Austria-Hungary, 4½ millions; by Italy, 4½ millions; by Russia, 3½ millions; by Switzerland, 2 millions; by Belgium, 2 millions; by Holland, 1½ millions. None of the other States had more than a million inland messages. Comparing the number of inland messages with the populations of the respective countries, we find that for every 100 inhabitants there were transmitted in Switzerland, 77 messages; in England, 58; in Holland, 38; in Belgium, 36; in Norway, 27; in Denmark, 22; in France and Germany, 19; in Italy, 16; in Austria-Hungary, 12; and in Russia, 3·7. It is scarcely necessary to remark that a large proportion of the Swiss inland messages are forwarded by people who are not inhabitants of the country. Turning to the numbers of telegraph offices open for the use of the public, we find that Switzerland heads the list with an office for every 2,664 inhabitants. Here, again, the circumstances of Switzerland are altogether exceptional, many of the offices being at hotels and only used during the tourist season. England ranks next with an office for every 5,640 inhabitants. Among the other States we find the number of inhabitants to each office to be as follows:—In France, 8,463; in Germany, 7,980; in Austria-Hungary, 11,556; in Italy, 15,522; and in Russia, 50,188. Holland, strangely enough, appears, if the figures can be trusted, to have the least liberal provision of offices among all the European States, having only one office to every 115,449 inhabitants.

FIVE GENERATIONS.—A clergyman in the Fen district lately reported a case which is rare, and in that part of England perhaps unparalleled: "There is now living in the Fens, near Downham Market, Norfolk, Mrs. Ann Bennett, aged 85. This age would not be considered very old in the Fens, but her daughter, Sarah Southwell, aged 67, and her granddaughter, Eliza Bacon (daughter of Sarah Southwell), aged 48, and her great-granddaughter, Naomi May (daughter of Eliza Bacon), aged 20, and her great-great-grandson, a fine boy (son of Naomi May), a few weeks old, are all at the present time alive and well." Mr. C. F. Watling, writing from the Temple Club, says: "The contemporaneous existence of five generations of the same family, though rare, is not altogether unprecedented, as the following curious distich, which I met with recently in a book in the British Museum, will show:—

"Mater ait natæ, Dic natæ filia, natam
Ut moveat, natæ plangere filiolum."

That is, 'The mother said to her daughter, Daughter, bid thy daughter tell her daughter that her daughter's daughter cries.'

NICODEMUS'S CORNER.—When the Countess of Huntingdon was at Bath, in 1766, her chapel was attended by many people of rank and fashion. Among them were Lord Chancellor Camden, Lord Northampton, Lord President of the Privy Council, Earl Chatham and family, the Duke of Bedford and family, Lord and Lady Powis, Lord Rockingham, and many others, some of them from love of the truth preached there, others from curiosity. Horace Walpole was one day present with his friends Lord and Lady Powis. John Wesley was the preacher; but the chapel itself was chiefly noticed in a letter on the occasion. "They have," he wrote, "boys and girls with charming voices that sing hymns in parts. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows. I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution. They have very neat mahogany

stands for branched lights, and brackets of the same, in taste. At the upper end is a broad *hautpas* of four steps, advancing in the middle; at each end of the broadest part are two eagles, with red cushions, for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for a pulpit. Scarlet arm-chairs to all three. On either hand a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pulpit in a dark niche is a plain table with rails. Wesley is a clean elderly man, fresh coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupcion* of curl at the ends. Wondrous clever, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, so it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice, and acted very vulgar enthusiasm." Such is the account of the light-hearted, frivolous Horace Walpole; but he does not mention a part of the chapel of which he did not know, the pew for bishops. The witty and eccentric Lady Betty Cobbe, daughter-in-law of Dr. Charles Cobbe, Archbishop of Dublin, cousin-german to Lady Huntingdon, often used her influence in bringing bishops to the chapel, *smuggling* them into the curtained seats immediately inside the doors. Here they could sit without the scandal of being seen, in what Lady Betty wittily called Nicodemus's corner.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.—In reference to Rogers's "Italy," mentioned at p. 416, the following passage occurs in "The Book of Gems," by Mr. S. C. Hall. "Italy" was first published in 1823. An edition magnificently illustrated by a series of fine engravings, from the designs of Turner and Stothard, appeared in 1830; and although it was at first considered that the author sought only to indulge his fancy by a large expenditure, for which he did not anticipate a return, we believe the sale has been so large that the experiment has been exceedingly lucrative. The other "Poems" were published on a similar plan in 1834. The two volumes are, without exception, the most exquisite examples of embellished books which our age, so fertile in such achievements, has yet produced. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the editor of "The Book of Gems" is indebted to Mr. Rogers for the suggestion of his work. We may add that the market value of these works was rather understated in our former paragraph. A chief dealer in scarce books informs us that the present price of the "Gems" is from £3 10s. to £6 6s., according to condition, and of Rogers's volume from £1 10s. to £3. Odd volumes of the "Illustrated Annuals" are worth from 5s. to 8s.

TORBAY.—Torbay is a place which should be as much endeared to the naturalist as to the patriot and to the artist. We cannot gaze on its blue ring of water and the great limestone bluffs which bound it to the north and south without a glow passing through our hearts, as we remember the terrible and glorious pageant which passed by it in the bright days of July, 1588, when the Spanish Armada ventured slowly past Berry Head, with Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon captains (for the London fleet had not yet joined) following fast in its wake, and dashing into the midst of the vast line, undismayed by size and numbers, while their kin and friends stood watching and praying on the cliffs, spectators of Britain's Salamis. The white line of houses, too, on the other side of the bay, is Brixham, famed as the landing-place of William of Orange; and the stone on the pier-head, which marks his first footprints on British ground, is sacred in the eyes of all true English Whigs; and close by stands the castle of the settler of Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half-brother, most learned of all Elizabeth's admirals in life, most pious and heroic in death. And as for scenery, though it can boast of neither mountain peak nor dark fiord, and would seem tame enough in the eyes of a Western Scot or Irishman, yet Torbay has a soft beauty of its own, in the rounded hills which slope into the sea, spotted with parks full of stately timber trees, with squares of emerald grass and rich red fallow fields, each parted from the other by the long line of tall elms, just flushing green in the spring hedges, which run down to the very water's edge, their boughs unwarped by any blast; and here and there apple orchards, just bursting into flower in the spring sunshine, and narrow strips of water meadow, where the red cattle are already lounging knee-deep in richest grass, within ten yards of the rocky, pebble beach, which six hours hence will be hurling columns of rosy foam high into the sunlight, and sprinkling passengers, and cattle, and trim gardens, which hardly know what frost and snow may be, but see the flowers of autumn meet the flowers of spring, and the old year linger smilingly to twine a garland for the new.—Charles Kingsley.